



Schul - Ausgabe

Shakspearescher Dramen.

SCHOOL-EDITION

OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS,

ARRANGED

BY

Dr. J. Foelsing.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING :

JULIUS CAESAR.

THE TEMPEST.

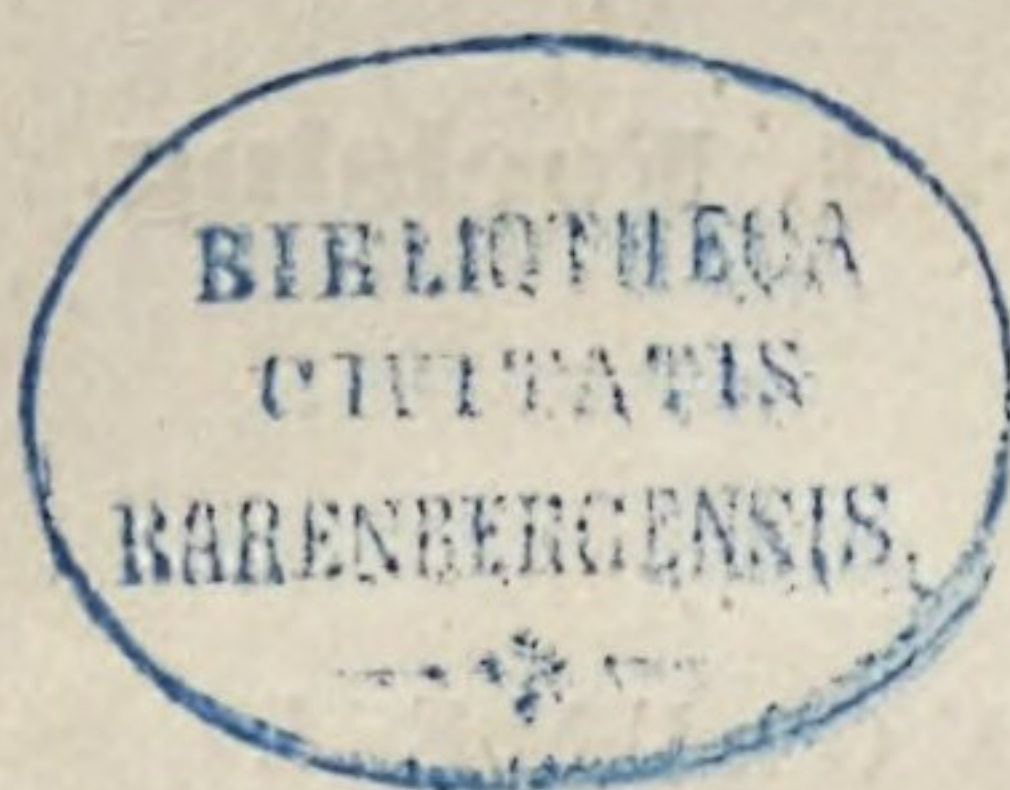
BERLIN.

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1840.

L. angl.

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Vorrede.

Wenige Gebildete, welche der Englischen Sprache auch nur einigermaßen mächtig sind, werden es unterlassen sich der erworbenen Kenntniß zu bedienen, um Shakspeare in der Ursprache zu lesen; bei vielen dürfte sogar der Wunsch, die Werke dieses Dichters genauer kennen zu lernen, der hauptsächlichste Beweggrund zum Studium der Englischen Sprache sein. Berücksichtigt man außerdem, daß Shakspeare in sprachlicher Beziehung reich an mancherlei Eigenthümlichkeiten ist, welche zum Theil die Erläuterung eines Lehrers erfordern, so scheint es natürlich, daß, in so fern nicht besondere Rücksichten einen andern Weg bedingen, der Englisch Lernende von seinem Lehrer in die

Preface.

Very few well educated people who are in some measure acquainted with the English language, will neglect making use of the acquired knowledge by reading Shakspeare in the original; the desire of becoming better acquainted with the works of this author may even be the principal inducement of many to study the English language. If we consider moreover that Shakspeare, in regard to style, is copious in various idiotisms which in some measure demand the explication of a teacher, it will appear natural, that, in case no particular consideration make it necessary to take another course, the pupil should be intro-

Shakspeare-Literatur eingeführt werde. Erwägt man ferner, daß bei der Gedankenfülle und der Allseitigkeit dieses Autors sich ein unerschöpflicher Stoff zur Unterhaltung in der zu erlernenden Sprache fortwährend darbietet, daß diese Unterhaltung, sollte sich dieselbe auch unmittelbar auf Erklärung des Inhalts beschränken, wesentlich verschieden sein wird von der Alltags-Conversation, die der Lehrer mit Mühe von Außen herbeiholt, und welcher der schüchterne Schüler mit einem kurzen „yes“ oder „no“ schnell ein Ende macht, so dürfte auch aus diesem Grunde die Lesung Shakspearscher Stücke besonders anzuempfehlen sein.

Auf der andern Seite bietet sich aber eine Schwierigkeit dar, welche in vielen Fällen diese Wahl unmöglich macht. So wenig es auch thunlich und angemessen sein möchte, den herangereiften Jüngling bei seiner Lektüre zu ängstlich beschränken zu wollen, eben so wenig darf dem Unterrichts-Gegenstande ein Element beizubringen, welches mit dem zwischen Lehrer und Schüler herrschenden Tone in offenbarem Mißflange steht;

induced into Shakspeare's literature by the teacher. If we consider further the variety of topics and the richness of ideas peculiar to this poet, which afford the teacher continual matter for conversation in the language, very different from the topics of common conversation, in the carrying on of which the teacher is generally answered by the timid pupil with a simple „yes“ or „no“, it must be acknowledged that for this reason the works of Shakspeare can be particularly recommended.

But there is an obstacle which at times prevents the teacher from choosing Shakspeare as a lecture. Though it may not be convenient nor reasonable to confine young men too scrupulously in their readings, yet the teacher is in duty bound to reject those works which contain any thing offensive to the feelings of his scholars, and every person who in some measure is acquaint-

und jeder, welcher Shakspeare nur einigermaßen kennt, weiß, daß derselbe Einzelheiten enthält, welche beim Schul-Unterrichte durchaus störend sind.

Die gegenwärtige Schul-Ausgabe besteht in einer Sammlung solcher Stücke, welche einerseits die Jugend durch ihren Inhalt besonders anziehen, und die andererseits von allem Ungeeigneten befreit sind. Um das Letztere zu erreichen, mußten einige Stellen ganz fortgelassen, und einige Ausdrücke durch mildere ersetzt werden; im Uebrigen ist jede willkührliche Aenderung, welche nicht durch die angegebene Rücksicht nothwendig gemacht wurde, durchaus vermieden worden. Die Auslassungen sind der Art, daß keine derselben dem wesentlichen Zusammenhange Abbruch thut, so daß sämtliche Stücke als vollständige Ganze zu betrachten sind. — Ein jeder Theil der Sammlung, von welcher jetzt die beiden ersten dem Publikum überliefert werden, enthält eine Tragödie und eine Comödie, nebst einer Anzahl erläuternder Anmerkungen in Englischer Sprache, welche aus den besten Commentaren entnommen sind. Die Sammlung soll nicht auf

ed with the works of Shakspeare, knows that they contain passages, which are not fitting publicly to be explained.

The present School-Edition consists in a collection of such of the plays, the contents of which in the first place amuse young persons, and secondly are freed from all improprieties. In order to effect this, it was found necessary to leave out some passages entirely, and to exchange some expressions for others less offensive. For the rest all arbitrary alterations except for the above named purpose have been carefully avoided. The omissions are such as in no wise destroy the connexion of the piece, so that each drama is to be considered to form a complete work. — Each volume of this collection, of which the two first are presented to the public, contains a Tragedy and a Comedy, with explanatory notes in English, collected from the best commentators. This collection is not to be confined to the four plays already published, but will

die vier, gegenwärtig veröffentlichten Stücke beschränkt bleiben, sondern durch andere geeignete Dramen erweitert werden.

Wenn gleich diese Ausgabe zunächst für die Schüler von Gymnasien und andern höheren Bildungsanstalten der männlichen Jugend berechnet ist, so dürfte dieselbe auch beim Unterrichte der weiblichen Jugend angewendet werden, da es wohl keinem Lehrer einfallen wird, mit jungen Mädchen eine vollständige Ausgabe von Shakspeare zu lesen, und doch grade das Lesen und Besprechen dieses Autors das geeignetste Mittel sein möchte, um einen gewissen Grad jener Bildung zu erzielen, welche im Allgemeinen nur durch das Studium der Alten erreicht wird.

Berlin, im April 1840.

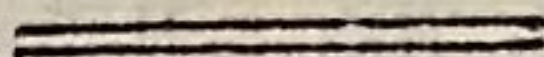
Der Herausgeber.

be augmented by others, which the publisher may think proper, to choose.

Although this edition was originally calculated for young men, who frequent colleges and other similar establishments, yet it may with propriety be read also by young ladies, as no teacher would ever think it proper to read with them the complete works of Shakspeare; the perusing and explaining of the works of this authors being the proper means of acquiring to a certain degree that education which is generally attained only by studying the Ancients.

Berlin in the month of April 1840.

The publisher.



Im Verlage der unterzeichneten Buchhandlung
erschieden folgende empfehlenswerthe Schriften

Appun, Louise, Fabeln und Parabeln für die Jugend
aus gebildeten Ständen zur Unterhaltung und Be-
lehrung. 8. geh. $\frac{1}{2}$ Thlr.

Fichte, Johann Gottlieb, die Bestimmung des Menschen.
Neue Auflage. 8. geh. $\frac{2}{3}$ Thlr.

Foelsing, Dr. J., Lehrbuch der englischen Sprache.
gr. 8. geh. $\frac{5}{6}$ Thlr.

Frauenstädt, J., die Menschwerdung Gottes, nach
ihrer Möglichkeit, Wirklichkeit und Nothwendig-
keit, mit Rücksicht auf Strauss, Schaller und Gö-
schel. 8. geh. $\frac{5}{8}$ Thlr.

Hoefler, Dr. Albert, (Docent an der K. Pr. Friedrich-
Wilhelms-Universität in Berlin), Beiträge zur Ety-
mologie und vergleichenden Grammatik der Haupt-
sprachen des indogermanischen Stammes. Band I.
Zur Lautlehre. gr. 8. 32 Bogen. geh. $2\frac{1}{2}$ Thlr.

Lessing's, G. E., sämtliche Schriften. Herausgege-
ben von Karl Lachmann. 12 Bände auf Velin-
papier mit Portrait in Stahlstich. gr. 8. Subscript.-
Preis 12 Thlr.

— — wie die Alten den Tod gebildet. Eine Untersu-
chung. Neue Auflage mit 5 Kupfertafeln und 2
Vignetten. gr. 8. geh. $\frac{2}{3}$ Thlr.

— — Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts. Neue Auf-
lage. 8. geh. $\frac{1}{4}$ Thlr.

— — über das Apostolische Glaubensbekenntniss gegen
David Schulz. 8. geh. $\frac{1}{2}$ Thlr.

Tietz, Fr., Brasilianische Zustände nach gesandtschaft-
lichen Berichten bis zum Jahre 1837. 8. geh. $\frac{2}{3}$ Thlr.

Weizmann, K. W., (Superintendent in Müncheberg)
über das Verhältniss der Volksschule zum Staat

und zur Kirche. Einige Worte zur Entgegnung auf die neuesten Aeusserungen des Herrn Seminar-Direktors Dr. Diesterweg. 8. geh. $\frac{1}{4}$ Thlr.

Wernicke, J. E., über den griechischen Accent für Schulen. gr. 8. $\frac{1}{2}$ Thlr.

Wrangel, F. v., Reise längs der Nordküste von Sibirien und auf dem Eismeere in den Jahren 1820 bis 1824. Nach den handschriftlichen Journalen und Notizen bearbeitet von G. Engelhardt, Staatsrath. Herausgegeben nebst einem Vorwort von C. Ritter, Dr. u. Prof. — Mit Tafeln der Temperaturverhältnisse und einer Landkarte. 2 Theile gr. 8. 5 Thlr.

auch unter dem Titel:

Magazin von merkwürdigen neuen Reisebeschreibungen. Aus fremden Sprachen übersetzt und mit erläuternden Anmerkungen begleitet von J. R. Forster und andern Gelehrten. 38 u. 39 Bd.

Voss'sche Buchhandlung in Berlin.

Z u r N o t i z.

Der nächst erscheinende zweite Band von Shakspeare's plays wird enthalten:

King Richard II.

The Merchant of Venice.

JULIUS CAESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CAESAR.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. AEMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs, after the death of JULIUS
CAESAR.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *Conspirators against JULIUS CAESAR.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO and VOLUMNIUS,
friends to BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,
servants to BRUTUS.

PINDARUS, *servant to CASSIUS.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to CAESAR.*

PORTIA, *wife to BRUTUS.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants etc.

SCENE, *during a great part of the play, at Rome: after-
wards at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

R o m e. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you
home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather-apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, Sir; what trade art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But, what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender
of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.^r) I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these man about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? ²⁾
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

(*Exeunt Citizens.*)

See, whe'r ³⁾ their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images, ⁴⁾
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal. ⁵⁾

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

The same. A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR, ANTONY, for the course, CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. *(Music ceases.)*

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Cal. Here, my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. *(Music.)*

Sooth. Caesar.

Caes. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: — peace yet again.
(Music ceases.)

Caes. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Caesar: Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March. ⁶⁾

Caes. What man is that?

Brut. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Caesar.

Caes. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; — pass.

(*Sennet.* ') *Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*)

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand⁸)
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,⁹)
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one);
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;¹⁰)
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself ') in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(Flourish and shout.)

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people

Choose Caesar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:^{1 2)}
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.^{1 3)}
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty^{1 4)} day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,^{1 5)}
Caesar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* — Upon the word,
Accouter'd, as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar: — and this man
Is now become a God; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;¹⁶⁾
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper¹⁷⁾ should
So get the start of the majestic world,¹⁸⁾
And bear the palm alone. (Shout. Flourish.)

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar. (Shout.)
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil (to keep his state) in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this; ^{F 9})
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus. ↗

Re-enter CAESAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so: — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks with such ferret²⁰) and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. Antonius.

Ant. Caesar.

Caes. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. 'Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much:
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

(*Exeunt CAESAR, and his train. CASCA stays behind.*)

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; ²¹) — and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but to my thinking he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swoon'd and fell down ²²) at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market - place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag^{2 3}) people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation,^{2 4}) if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues! — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those, that understood him, smiled at one another and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell

you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.^{2 5}) Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. *(Exit CASCA.)*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudenes is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so, — till then, think of the world.
(Exit BRUTUS.)

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought^{2 6})
From that it is dispos'd. Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.^{2 7}) I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens.
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him or worse days endure. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E III.

The same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA,
with his sword drawn, CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home? ²⁸)
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth ²⁹)

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; ³⁰) who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night ³¹) did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, — They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from ³²) the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. (*Exit CICERO.*)

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
of faults. —

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Have thews ³⁶) and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a King:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these wordly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,

My answer must be made: '7) but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
There is no fleering '8) tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious '9) for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets:
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait,
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair, *°)
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

(Exit CINNA.)

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need
of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. (Exeunt.)

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The same. BRUTUS' Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? ¹⁾ Awake, I say; What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

(Exit.)

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd: —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — That; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse ²⁾ from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known, when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. ³⁾ But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees ⁴⁾
By which he did ascend: So Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is, ⁵⁾
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, ⁶⁾ grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
(Opens the letter and reads.)

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, —
Such instigations have been often dropp'd,
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

(Knock within.)

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

(Exit LUCIUS.)

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma,⁷) or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁸) at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.⁹)

Bru. Let them enter.

(Exit LUCIUS.)

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,¹⁰)

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? (*They whisper.*)

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret¹¹) the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.^{1 2)}
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,^{1 3)}
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted^{1 4)} tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.^{1 5)} But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret^{1 6)} Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?^{1 7)} and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,^{1 8)}
Old feeble carrions,^{1 9)} and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue^{2 0)} of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive^{2 1)} mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of^{2 2)} a several infamy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;^{2 3})
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: — I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver: and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy^{2 4}) afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,

Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious: ²⁵)
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar, —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, ²⁶) and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

(Clock strikes.)

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Caesar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main ²⁷) opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,²⁸)
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,²⁹)
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you,
Brutus: —

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;³⁰)
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

(*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*)

Boy! Lucius! — fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition ^{3¹}) to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from the bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, ^{3²})
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, ^{3 3}) by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? am I yourself,
But as it were in sort, or limitation.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the arm. — Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
(*Knocking within.*)

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery ^{3 4}) of my sad brows: —
 Leave me with haste. (Exit PORTIA.)

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is't that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
 Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
 I here discard my sickness. Son of Rome!
 Thou like an exorcist, ^{3 5}) hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
 whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
 sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
 To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
 And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in CAESAR'S Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown.

Caes. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord?

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my Lord. (*Exit.*)

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: the things, that threat-
en'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies;^{3 6})
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled ³⁷) blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled ³⁸) in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to ³⁹) the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous ⁴⁰) than he,
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence;
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
 And evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood: and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance. ⁴¹)
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
 And know it now. The senate have concluded
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar,
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock, ⁴²)
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Caesar is afraid?
 Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding ⁴³) bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable. ⁴⁴)

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now,
 Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
 Give me my robe, for I will go: —

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TRE-
 BONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius. —

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —

Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean. —

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,

Is notwithstanding up: —

Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Bid them prepare within: —

I am to blame to be thus waited for, —

Now, Cinna: — Now, Metellus: — What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: — and so near will I be,
(*Aside.*)

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, ⁴ ⁵) O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation. ⁴⁶)

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. ⁴⁷)

(Exit.)

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol?

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, Lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. (Exit.)

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,
That Caesar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

(Exeunt.)

A C T III.**SCENE I.**

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Caes. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

**CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise.**

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. (*Advances to CAESAR.*)

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

(*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CAESAR and the
Senators take their seats.*)

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd: ') press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart; — (Kneeling.)

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance ²) and first degree,
Into the law ³) of children. Be not fond ⁴)
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world. 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; ')
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank, ')
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar, —

Caes. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar, —

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

(CASCA stabs CAESAR in the neck. CAESAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.)

Caes. *Et tu, Brute?* — Then fall, Caesar.

(Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.)

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re - enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis^{?)} lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
„Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

„Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
„Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
„Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
„If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
„May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
„How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
„Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
„So well as Brutus living; but will follow
„The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
„Thorough the hazards of this untrod⁸) state,
„With all true faith.” So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. (*Exit Serv.*)

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:⁹)
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, '°) and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, '°) do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; do not consent, (*Aside.*)
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon; —
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Caesar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say, you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
(*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*)

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy!
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd ¹⁶) with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, ¹⁷) and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, ¹⁸) groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Caesar! —

(*Seeing the body.*)

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue¹⁹) of these bloody men:
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. (*Exeunt, with CAESAR'S body.*)

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

(*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*)

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! ²⁰) hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

(*Several speaking at once.*)

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done

no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question ^{2 1}) of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, ^{2 2}) for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover ^{2 3}) for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

4. *Cit.* Caesar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2. *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Caesar's corse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *(Exit.)*

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1. *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious:

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Whas this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor²⁴) to do him reverence.

O Masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins²⁵) in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
Yon are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs:
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: — Honourable men

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend.

(He comes down from the pulpit.)

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel: ²⁶)
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint ²⁷) of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, ²⁸) as you see, with traitors.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Caesar!

3. *Cit.* O woeful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about, —
seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will; — let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Caesar! — We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never: — Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

(*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*)

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot:
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish.²⁹) Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E III.

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar;
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:³⁰)
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?

2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: — You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy.

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T IV.**SCENE I.**

The same. A room in ANTONY'S house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are
prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition, Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn^r)
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. (Exit LEPIDUS.)

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him:
And took his voice, who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste,²⁾ is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: — do not talk of him,
But as a property.³⁾ And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out:
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about⁴⁾ with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers:
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand: and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master?

(PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.)

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers, ⁵)
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances, ⁶)
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *(March within.)*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd: —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along. ?)

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs⁸) softly, — I do know you well: —
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE III.

Within the tent of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cal. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.⁹⁾

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain¹⁰⁾ touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,^{1 1)}
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;^{1 2)} I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.^{1 3)}

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: — he was but a fool,

That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd^{1 4})
my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.^{1 5})

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;

For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast: within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth me.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

(*Noise within.*)

Poet. (*within.*) Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. (*within.*) You shall not come to them.

Poet. (*within.*) Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools? ¹ 6)
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. (*Exit Poet.*)

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. (*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*)

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient^r of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her
death

That tidings came; — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl
of wine: —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks.*)

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. (*Drinks.*)

Re - enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome, good
Messala, —

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. —
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art^{1 8}) as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. (*Exit LUCIUS.*) Farewell,
good Messala; —
Good night, Titinius: — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my Lord.

Bru. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

(*Exeunt CAS., TIT. and MES.*)

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep; It may be, I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you; we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good Sirs; It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

(*Servants lie down*)

Luc. I was sure, your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. Canst thou bear up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long: if I do live, I will be good to thee.

(*Music, and a song.*)

This is a sleepy tune: — O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace^r) upon my boy,

That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; — Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

(*He sits down.*)

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then shall I see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. (*Ghost vanishes.*)

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my Lord.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T V.**SCENE I.**

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles¹⁾ are at hand;
They mean to warn²⁾ us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,³⁾ thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?⁴⁾

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.⁵⁾

(March.)

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Caesar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture ⁶) of your blows are yet unknown,
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause.?) If arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again? —
Never, till Caesar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away, —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

(*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.*)

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!
Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Luc. My Lord.

(*BRUTUS and LUCIUS converse apart.*)

Cas. Messala, —

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; at this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former^s) ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself: — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:⁹) — arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence¹⁰) of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills¹¹)

Unto the legions on the other side: (*Loud alarum.*)

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord!

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. — Look, look, Titinius,
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him;
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

(*Exit.*)

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick;^{1 2}) regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —

(*Exit PINDARUS.*)

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. (*above.*) O my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen that
Make to him on the spur; — yet he spurs on. —
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!
Now some 'light; — O, he 'lights too; — he's ta'en;
— and, hark!

(*Shout.*)

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That, whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. (*Dies.*)

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
(*Exit.*)

Re - enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more — O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. (*Exit MESS.*)
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, Gods: — This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. (*Dies.*)

Alarum. *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. (*Low alarums.*)

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius come: —
And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on. —
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. *Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS,
CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What coward doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field: —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

(Charges the enemy.)

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

*(Exit charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered,
and falls.)*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.^{1 3})

1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:^{1 4})

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
(Offering money.)

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1. *Sold.* We must not. — A noble prisoner!

2. *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news. — Here comes the
general: —

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead:

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my Lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word:
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —

(*whispering.*)

Cli. What, I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. I, do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: (*Alarum.*)
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

(*Alarum still.*)

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; — and you, — and you,
Volumnius —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

(*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!*)

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

(*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*)

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my Lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Caesar now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

(*He runs on his sword, and dies.*)

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy
master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. (Exeunt.)

The conspirators can but make a life of him
 For Brutus only overcame himself
 And no man else with honor by his death
 And so Brutus should be found - I thank thee
 Brutus, for thy sake
 That thou hadst paid for this saving thee
 O! All that sacred things I will surrender
 Fellow, with thou dost not know me to you
 O! Do so, Alas!
 Alas! How did my master, Brutus
 O! I held the sword, and I am on it
 O! O! O! O! O! O! O! O! O! O!
 That did the latest service to my master
 And this was the noblest Roman of them all
 All the conspirators save only he
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar
 He only in a general honest thought
 And common good to all made one of them
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, 'This was a man!
 O! According to his virtue let us also him
 With all respect and rites of burial
 Within my tent his bones to rest shall lie
 Most like a soldier, ordered honorably
 So call the host to rest and let's away
 To part the glories of this happy day

(Exit)

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

THE TEMPEST.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE. — The sea, with a ship; afterwards an enchanted island.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ALONSO, *king of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the king of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, } *lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*

TRINCULO, *a jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

IRIS, } *spirits.*

CERES, }

JUNO, }

Nymphs,

Reapers,

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, — *The sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

On a ship at sea. A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain, —

Boatswain. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, ¹⁾ or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir.
(*Exit.*)

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare. Take in the top-sail: tend to the master's whistle. — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, ²⁾ if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. ³⁾

Boats. I pray now, keep belcw.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, ⁴) we shall not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts. — Out of our way, I say. (Exit.)

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

(Exeunt.)

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; ⁵) yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. ⁶) (*A cry within*) — A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, ⁷) a-hold; set her two courses off ⁸) to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
(*Exeunt.*)

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold? ⁹)

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely ¹⁰) cheated of our lives by drunkards. —

This wide-chopped rascal; — 'Would thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. ¹¹)

(*A confused noise within.*) — Mercy on us! —

We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. (*Exit.*)

Seb. Let's take leave of him. (*Exit.*)

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

The Island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The freighting ^{1 2}) souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, ^{1 3})
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle ^{1 4}) with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. — So;
(Lays down his mantle.)
Lie there my art. — Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am: but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come:
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive! Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
Out ¹⁵) three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: but how
is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm¹⁶) of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter! and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess: no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl,
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen¹⁷) that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he, whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; '8) new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd
 them,

Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not:
I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O, good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, ^{1°}) did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was: which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, ^{2°})
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — Hence his ambition
Growing, — Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen ^{2 1}) between this part he
play'd

And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry ^{2 2}) he was for sway) with the king of
Naples,

To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to the crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas! poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O, the heavens!

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu ^{2 3}) o' the premises, —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint, ^{2 4})
That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, girl;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd^{2 5}) the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, ^{2 6}) to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gent-
leness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,

From my own library, with volumes that
I priz'd above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise: —
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth. —
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, ²⁷) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will never after droop. — Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou can'st not choose.
(*Miranda sleeps.*)

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point ²⁸) the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. ²⁹) Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold wavestremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil ³⁰)
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, ³¹) and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd, and cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;

Whom I left, cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, ^{3 2}) there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.

Pro. The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou did'st promise
To 'bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost: and think'st
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak;
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier. ^{3 3})

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This hag was hither brought; and thou, my
slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy
groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,
(Save for her son, the monster Caliban)
Not honour'd with a human shape. — Thou know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rent an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence. —

(Exit Ariel.)

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put Heaviness on me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: ³⁴) he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. — What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (*within*) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when? —

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint ³⁵) Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. (*Exit*)

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked ³⁶) dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night ³⁷) that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and
fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so! — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you styme
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care. I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile
race, ³⁸)

Though thou didst learn, had that in't, which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,³⁹)
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee! —
I must obey: his art is of such power, *(Aside.)*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos, ⁴⁰)
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! *(Exit Caliban.)*

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND
following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG. *Come unto to these yellow sands,
And then take you hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist) ⁴¹)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, Hark!
Burden. Bowgh, wowgh. *(Dispersedly.) ⁴²)*
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden. Bowgh, wowgh. *(Dispersedly.)*
Hark, Hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or
the earth?

It sounds no more: — and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

This music crept by me upon the waters;
 Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather: but 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings. *Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.
 (Burden. ding-dong.)*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
 father: —

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes: — I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form: — But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, girl; it eats and sleeps, and hath such
 senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
 Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
 A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, (Aside.)

As my soul prompts it: — Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess (*Seeing Miranda.*)
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, ⁴³) or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul ⁴⁴)
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. — At the first sight (*Aside.*)
They have chang'd eyes: — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! — A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: ⁴⁵)
A word —

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father,
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more. —
They are both in either's powers; but this swift bu-
siness (Aside.)

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — One word more, I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Pro. Follow me. — (To Ferd.)
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. (He draws.)

Mira. O, dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward; ⁴⁷)
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish girl!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: (To Ferd.)
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.)
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works: — Come on. —

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! Follow me. —

(*To Ferd. and Mir.*)

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

(*To Ariel.*)

Mira. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: — Speak not for him.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T II.**SCENE I.**

Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe ¹)
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor ²) will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance. ³⁾ — The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush ⁴⁾ and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye ⁵⁾ of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit) —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Aeneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.⁶)

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense. ⁷⁾ 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, ⁸⁾ she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-
wise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd,^o) between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic

Shaksp. Vol. I.

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
 Letters should not be known; no use of service,
 Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
 Successions; bound of land, tilth, ¹⁰) vineyard, none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all,
 And women too; but innocent and pure:
 No sovereignty: —

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
 the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foizon, ¹¹) all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.
 I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir? —

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing
 to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it
 to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
 such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use
 to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
 thing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
 nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

(All sleep but ALON., SEB. and ANT.)

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.

(Alonso sleeps. — Exit Ariel.)

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;^{1 2)}
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather, wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.^{1 3)}

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pry'thee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, ¹⁴) this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded ¹⁵)
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only) ¹⁶)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible,
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She, that is queen of Tunis; she, that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she, that from
Naples

Can have no note, ¹⁷) unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's to slow) till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In your and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this; — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?* — Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; myself could make
A chough¹⁸) of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater¹⁹) than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience —

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,²⁰)
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that, which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,²¹)
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion,²²) as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock ^{2 3}) to any business, that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it ^{2 4}) on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word, *(They converse apart.)*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
(Sings in Gonzalo's ear.)

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
(They wake.)

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That's verity. Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have
done: (Aside.)

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that moe ²⁵) and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound ²⁶) with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trinculo. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard ²⁷) that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did
before, I know not where to hide my head: yond'
same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What
have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A
fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-
John. ²⁸) A strange fish! Were I in England now,
(as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a
holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver:
there would this monster make a man; ²⁹) any strange
beast there makes a man: when they will not give a
doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten
to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his
fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let
loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thun-

der-bolt. (*Thunder.*) Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; ³⁰) there is no other shelter here about. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-shore; —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

(*Drinks.*)

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? ³¹) Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; ³²) for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do no torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much^{3 3)} for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: ^{3 4)} now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat;^{3 5)} open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice; It should be — But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, — Amen!^{3 6)} I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano, —

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.^{3 7)}

Trin. Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not afraid, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,

these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou under the gaberdine of this mooncalf?

Trin. I took him to be killed, with a thunder-stroke: — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. ^{3^d})

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. — How now, mooncalf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear!

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afraid of him? — a very weak monster: — the man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island: and kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god!

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear!

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss!

Trinc. — but that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any
more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our com-
pany else being drowned, we will inherit here. —
Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him
by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

(Sings drunkenly.)

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring.

Nor scrape trenchering, ³⁹) nor wash dish;

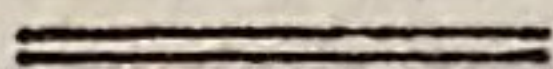
'Ban 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,

Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey,
freedom

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way!

(Exeunt.)



A C T III.**SCENE I.**

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget: ¹)
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard! I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself!
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: But you, o you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. ²)

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my fathers precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda: I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witness to this
sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling
And all the more it ³⁾ seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow, ⁴⁾
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand

(*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*)

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; ⁵⁾ but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN, following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board'em. Servant monster, drink to me!

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else?

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.⁶)

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe! I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish,⁷) thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk

so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it! I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — (*To Caliban.*) Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!— I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger! Interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. (*Strikes him.*) As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. — Pr'ythee, stand further off!

Cal. Beat him enough! after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further! — Come, proceed!

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: — Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand! I am sorry I beat thee
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head!

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund! Will you troul the catch ⁸)
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing! (*Sings.*)

*Flout' em, and skout' em; and skout' em, and flout' em;
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

(*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*)

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list!

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,⁹) I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights,¹⁰) and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest!
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find: and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go!

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
(*Aside to Sebastian.*)

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

(*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing
in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle
actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, etc.
to eat; they depart.*)

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. ^{1 1}) Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; ^{1 2}) one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, ^{1 3}) these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. (*Aside.*)

Alon. I cannot too much muse, ^{1 4})
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. ^{1 5}) (*Aside.*)

Fran. They vanish'd strangely,

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs. —

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from ²⁰)

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

(He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,²¹) and carry out the table.)

Pro. (*Aside.*) Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life, ²²)
And observation strange, ²³) my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his and my loved darling.

(Exit Prospero from above.)

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. 'O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass^{2 4}) my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. (*Exit.*)

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. (*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*)

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite their spirits. — I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy^{2 5})
May now provoke them to!

Adr. Follow, I pray you. (*Exeunt.*)

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere¹ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread ¹) of mine own life,
Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely ²) stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take her; she is thine. —
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick! Go, bring the rabble, ³)

O'er whom I gave thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion! for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity ⁴) of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe.

Pro. Well then, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly. —

No tongue; all eyes; be silent! (*Exit Ariel.*)
(*Soft music.*)

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads, thatch'd with stover,⁵) them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; ⁶) thy pole-clipt ⁷) vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of the blue bow dost crown
My bosky ⁸) acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate ⁹)
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis ¹⁰) my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

JUNO. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing!

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. (*Aside.*) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — (*To the Spirits.*) Well done; —
avoid; ¹⁵) no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some
passion

That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack ¹⁶) behind: we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd; ¹⁷)
Bear with my weakness! my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace, (Exeunt.)

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank you: —
Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with ¹⁸) Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Toward their project. Then I beat my tabour,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale ¹⁹) to catch these thieves!

Ari. I go, I go. (Exit.)

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Even to roaring. — Come, hang them on this line!

PROSPERO and ARIEL, remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
Jack²⁰) with us. Do you hear, monster! If I should
take a displeasure against you: look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still!
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet! Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand! I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee?

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery: ²¹⁾ — O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster! — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: ²²⁾ now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime ²³⁾ upon your fingers, and away with the rest!

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, ²⁴⁾ or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this!

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
(*Cal., Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*)

Go, charge my goblins, that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions! shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain!

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. — At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service! (*Exeunt.*)

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch,³⁾ a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion⁴⁾ as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel!
My charms I'll break; their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. (Exit.)

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites? and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew;⁵⁾ by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be⁶⁾) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

(Solemn music.)

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes, that mantle⁷)
Their clearer reason. — O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Tou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse⁸) and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! — Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me; — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell! (*Exit ARIEL.*)
I will dis-case me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit!
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

*ARIEL. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom; so, so, so. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. (*Exit Ariel.*)

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave⁹)
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign;¹⁰) and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should
Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: — Welcome, my friends all! —
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
(*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*)

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. (*Aside.*)

Pro. No: —

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost —

How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe^{1 1}) for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late;^{1 2}) and, portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour^{1 3}) their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this!
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,

But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone!

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.¹⁵)

Alon. Give me your hands: (To Fer. and Mir.)
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next our ship, —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split, —
Is tight, and yare, ¹⁶) and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done, since I went. } *Aside.*

Pro. My tricksy ¹⁷) spirit! }

Alon. These are not natural events; they streng-
then

From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

(*Aside.*)

Alon. This is as strange a maze, as e'er mentrod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct ¹⁸) of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on ¹⁹)
The strangeness of this business! at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you ²⁰)
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well! — Come hither, spirit!
(*Aside.*)

Set Caliban and his companions free!

Untie the spell! — (*Exit Ariel.*) — How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself, for all is but fortune: —
Coragio, bully-monster, **Coragio**!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it!

Seb. Or stole it, rather. (*Exeunt Cal., Ste. and Trin.*)

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely,

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel! — chick, —
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — (*Aside.*) — Please
you, draw near! ^{2^d})
(*Exeunt.*)

Epilogue. Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you, ²⁹)
Or sent to Naples: let me not
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands!
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer; ³⁰)
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

NOTES

To

JULIUS CAESAR.

A C T I.

1) *with awl*. = with *all*, wherein the *awl* is concerned. — 2) *Pompey's blood?* = his sons vanquish'd by *Caesar* in *Spain*. — 3) *whē'r* = a contraction of *whether*. — 4) *the images*, of *Caesar*, decorated with festive ornaments, or military trophies. — 5) *Lupercal*. = The festival of the *Lupercalia* was celebrated at *Rome* in February, by the priests of *Pan*, whose touch, on this occasion, was deemed propitious to married couples. Compare pag. 6, l. 15. — 6) *the ides of March*. = the 15th day of *March*. — 7) *Sennet*. = Sonata, a martial air. — 8) *You bear too stubborn, etc.* = You behave too distantly to. — 9) *of some difference*, = discordant. — 10) *your passion*; = the subject of your solicitude. — 11) *profess myself* = deal out my professions of regard promiscuously. — 12) *on both indifferently*: = *on death* — with coolness and impartiality. — 13) *favour* = features. — 14) *gusty* = tempestuous. — 15) *chafing with her shores*, — rushing impetuously between them. — 16) *did from their colour fly*; = grew pale, their colour fled from them. — 17) *of such a feeble temper* = composed of such frail materials. — 18) *of the majestic world*, = the rest of his countrymen, the masters of the world. — 19) *chew upon this*; = reflect upon this at your leisure. — 20) *ferret* = red. — 21) *coronets*; = chaplets of laurel. — 22) *and fell down* = *Caesar* was subject to the *falling-sickness*. — 23) *tag-rag* = canaille. — 24) *a man of any occupation*, =

a common mechanic, one of those plebeians to whom he made the offer. — 25) *put to silence*. = cashiered, turned out of their office. — 26) *Thy honourable metal may be wrought* = Thy naturally good disposition may be perverted. — 27) *humour me*. = with all his favours cajole me out of my principles. — 28) *Brought you Caesar home?* = Did you attend him? — 29) *all the sway of earth* = the whole weight, body, frame of this globe. — 30) *Transformed with their fear*; = Their features having suffered an alteration from their fears. — 31) *the bird of night* = the owl. — 32) *Clean from* = Quite contrary to. — 33) *old men fools* = old dotards. — 34) *calculate*; = prophesy. — 35) *prodigious* = portentous. — 36) *thews* = sinews, strength. — 37) *My answer must me made*: = I shall be called to account for this declaration of my sentiments. — 38) *fleering* = trifling. — 39) *Hold my hand: be factious* = Take my hand; be active, etc. — 40) *in the praetor's chair*, = *Brutus* and *Cassius* were then *praetors*.

A C T II.

1) *When, Lucius, when?* = When, how now, Lucius? — 2) *Remorse* = Mercy, pity. — 3) *sway'd more than his reason. But etc.* = got the mastery over it. But 'tis a matter of ordinary experience, etc. — 4) *the base degrees* = the humble steps. — 5) *since the quarrel etc.* = since our design will admit of no pretext, if we view him in the light he has hitherto appeared. — 6) *as his kind* = like the rest of his species. — 7) *phantasma* = a phantom, a vision. — 8) *brother Cassius* = *Cassius* was fellow praetor, and had married *Junia*, *Brutus'* sister. — 9) *mark of favour*. = trace of their countenance, distinction of features. — 10) *For if thou path, etc.* = If thou walk in thy genuine form, appear in thy proper colours. — 11) *fret* = variegate. — 12) *growing on the south, etc.* = in the southern hemisphere, considering how early 'tis in the year. — 13) *the face of men*, = a regard to the countenance of the public. — 14) *high-sighted* = with look erect, triumphant. — 15) *by lottery* = by decimation, election to death by lot. — 16) *secret* = trusty, faithful to a secret imparted. — 17) *palter?* = prevaricate. — 18) *cautelous*, = cautious. — 19) *carrions*, = worthless wretches. — 20) *the even*

virtue = the integrity. — 21) *insuppressive* = invincible. — 22) *Is guilty of* = Would deservedly incur the stigma of. — 23) *break with him*; = impart our design to him. — 24) *envy* = malice. — 25) *envious*: = malicious. — 26) *take thought*, = grow melancholy. — 27) *main* = predominant. — 28) *unicorns may be betray'd etc.* = *Unicorns* are said to be taken by one skulking behind a tree, and thereby eluding his horn; which, sticking in the trunk, detains the beast till he is dispatched by the hunter — *Bears* by means of a mirror, which they gaze on, while the pursuers take their fatal aim — and *Elephants* in pitfalls, slightly covered, whereon the proper bait is laid. — 29) *bear hard*, = entertain sentiments of enmity. — 30) *put on our purposes*; = betray our designs. — 31) *condition* = frame. — 32) *condition*, = temper, disposition. — 33) *I charm you*, = I conjure you. = 34) *All the charactery* = All that is characterized, imprinted thereon. — 35) *an exorcist*, = an enchanter. — 36) *I never stood on ceremonies*, = I never paid a superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. — 37) *drizzled* = dropped, let fall in small particles. — 38) *hurtled* = rustled, rattled. — 39) *Are to* = Concern equally. — 40) *dangerous* = formidable. — 41) *shall press etc.* = shall come to you, as to a saint, for reliques, as to a sovereign, for additional honours. — 42) *a mock* = a sneer. — 43) *proceeding* = progressive advancement. — 44) *and reason to my love is liable*. = And reason perfectly coincides with what my love suggests on this occasion. — 45) *That every like is not the same*, = That every one should not be the very thing he appears. — 46) *teeth of emulation*. = the reach of envy. — 47) *contrive*. = conspire.

A C T III.

1) *address'd*: prepared. — 2) *pre-ordinance*, = ordinance long established, prescription. — 3) *the law* = course, manner of determining. — 4) *fond*, = so weak. — 5) *apprehensive*; = susceptible of fear. — 6) *unassailable etc.* = whose fixed resolve can never be shaken by any attack — 7) *on Pompey's basis* = at the base of *Pompey's* statue. — 8) *untrod* = new. — 9) *rank*: = grown too great for the public safety. — 10) *in strength of ma-*

lice, = that have just displayed their strong revenge. — 11) *Of brother's temper*, = United in that deed like those of brothers. 12) *dearer* = more sorely. — 13) *bay'd* = surrounded by thy pursuers. — 14) *thy lethe*. = death, blood shed at thy fall. — 15) *sway'd* = drawn aside. — 16) *chok'd* = extinguished. — 17) *Cry Havock*, = disclaim all quarter. — 18) *With carrion men*. = Mixed with the stench of those slaughtered heaps, which shall cover the earth in consequence of it. — 19) *The cruel issue* = This event brought about by cruel means. — 20) *lover's!* = friends. — 21) *The question* = The whole matter, a full account. — 22) *enforced*, = exaggerated. — 23) *best lover* = dearest friend. — 24) *so poor* = but thinks it beneath him. — 25) *napkins* = handkerchiefs. — 26) *angel*: = prime favourite. — 27) *The dint* = The force, the impression. — 28) *marr'd* = mangled. = 29) *upon a wish* = opportunely. — 30) *And things unluckily charge my fantasy*: = And other circumstances of an ominous cast, that have befallen me, dwell upon my fancy.

A C T IV.

1) *damn* = condemn. — 2) *taste* = sense. — 3) *a property* = a tool. — 4) *bay'd about* = surrounded. — 5) *In his own change, or by ill officers*, = of conduct, or by the mismanagement of his agents. — 6) *with such familiar instances* = so familiarly. — 7) *Speak the word along*. = Give the word of command, or the watchword, from sentinel to sentinel. — 8) *grievs* = grievances. — 9) *nice offence should bear his comment*. = trivial offence should be so strictly canvassed. — 10) *What villain* = Which of us was so much a villain. — 11) *bay the moon*, = bark at it, as dogs are said to do, through envy of its brightness. — 12) *To hedge me in*; = To abridge my authority. — 13) *To make conditions*. = To dispose of offices; to regulate an army. — 14) *riv'd* = split. — 15) *till you practise them on me*. = till, by your ill usage, you force me to remark them. — 16) *jigging fools?* = writers of small ludicrous pieces. — 17) *Impatient* = Upon impatience. — 18) *in art* = in theory; my philosophy teaches me the same lesson of patience. — 19) *mace* = sceptre.

A C T V.

1) *battles* = forces. — 2) *warn* = challenge. — 3) *With fearful bravery*, = With a shew of courage, hiding a cowardly heart. — 4) *exigent?* = extremity. — 5) *I do not cross you; but I will do so.* = I will not; but mean to do as you desire. — 6) *The posture* = The quality. — 7) *the cause* : = let us decide the cause. — 8) *former* = foremost. — 9) *to prevent the time of life* : = to hasten the period; shorten the course of it. — 10) *To stay the providence.* = To await the disposal. — 11) *these bills* = containing fresh directions. — 12) *My sight was ever thick*; = I was short-sighted. — 13) *being Cato's son.* = having approved thyself worthy of such a sire. — 14) *Only I yield to die* : — On this sole condition, that I may die.

NOTES

To

THE TEMPEST.

A C T I.

1) *yarely* = readily, nimbly. — 2) *Blow, till thou burst thy wind*, = till thou burst thy lungs. — 3) *Play the men.* = Act with vigour and alacrity. — 4) *of the present.* = of this perilous instant. — 5) *top-mast*; = Bramstange. — 6) *to try with main-course.* = to wear or work with her main-sail (*Schönfahrsjegel*). — 7) *Lay her a-hold*, = Bring her to lie as near the wind as she can. — 8) *set her two courses off* = set her main and foresail off, so as to get out to sea again, to *lay her off* by that means. — 9) *be cold?* = from drowning. — 10) *merely* = absolutely. — 11) *to glut him.* = to swallow him up. — 12) *freighting* = freighted. — 13) *full poor cell*, = a cell exhibiting poverty in the extreme. — 14) *meddle* = trouble, interfere with. — 15) *Out* = fully, quite. — 16) *abysm* = abyss. --

17) *teen* = trouble that I have given you. — 18) *To trash for over-topping*; = to check for their over-forwardness. — 19) *a good parent* = may have a degenerate child. — 20) *by telling of it*, = by lying frequently. — 21) *To have no screen* = At once to cast off all disguise. — 22) *So dry* = So thirsty after. — 23) *in lieu* = in consideration. — 24) *a hint* = a suggestion. — 25) *deck'd* = covered. — 26) *undergoing stomach* = firm resolution. — 27) *dear lady* = propitious mistress. — 28) *to point* = exactly, completely. — 29) *I flam'd amazement* = wrought wonders in the shape of fire. — 30) *this coil* = this scene of horror and confusion. — 31) *fever of the mad* = of the *mad* species; the effects of a calenture. — 32) *still-vex'd Bermoothes* = The *Bermuda Islands* were subject to such frequent storms and hurricanes, that they were said to be enchanted, and infested with monsters, witches, devils, etc. — 33) *Argier* = The ancient English name of *Algiers*. — 34) *miss him*: do well without him. — 35) *quaint* = clever, pretty. — 36) *wicked* = pestiferous, poisonous. — 37) *vast of night* = dead space. — 38) *race* = disposition. — 39) *The red plague rid you*, = The plague, in its utmost virulence, blast and destroy you. — 40) *Setebos*, = a demon dreaded by the *Patagons*. — 41) *whist* = being silent. — 42) *dispersedly*. = from different parts of the stage. — 43) *made*, = a created being; *maid*, a woman. — 44) *controul* = contradict, confute. — 45) *some wrong*: = in supposing yourself king of *Naples*. — 46) *ow'st not*. = hast no title to. — 47) *come from thy ward*; = quit thy posture of defence. 48) *bound up*. = incapable of exertion.

A C T II.

1) *Our hint of woe* = our source, occasion of grief. — 2) *visitor* = consolator. — 3) *temperance* = temperance. — 4) *lush* = rank. — 5) *an eye* = a shade. — 6) *miraculous harp* = *Amphion's*. — 7) *against the stomach of my sense*: = to my utter disgust. — 8) *rate*, estimation, opinion. — 9) *Weigh'd*, = Pondered, was long in suspense. 10) *tilth*, = culture. — 11) *foizon*, = plenty. — 12) *speaks thee* = suggests, points it out to thee. — 13) *Trebles thee o'er*. = makes thee thrice as great as thou art. — 14) *of weak remembrance*, = doting. — 15) *almost persuaded*, =

without any solid argument, or weighty reason. — 16) *a spirit of persuasion only*, = the semblance without the substance; a mere plausible impostor. — 17) *note*, = notice, intelligence. — 18) *A chough* = a daw. — 19) *feater* = better, more gracefully. — 20) *candied be they*, = were they congealed, should be dissolved e'er they should stop me. — 21) *doing thus*, = by stabbing *Gonzalo*. — 22) *take suggestion*, = readily swallow any tale, adopt any hint of villany. — 23) *tell the clock* = chime in with our plan, depose as we shall direct them. — 24) *To fall it* = let it fall. — 25) *moe* = make mouths. — 26) *All wound* = twisted about. — 27) *bumbard* = a large drinking vessel, shaped like a gun. — 28) *Poor-John* = cod-fish. — 29) *make a man*; = make a man's fortune. — 30) *gaberdine*; frock. — 31) *men of Inde?* = then thought to be monsters. — 32) *four legs*; = *Caliban's* and *Trinculo's* together. — 33) *too much* = I shall think no price will be too high for him. — 34) *thy trembling*; = as if possessed. — 35) *cat*; = Good liquor will *make a cat speak*. Prov. — 36) *Come-Amen!* = stop your draught. — 37) *I have no long spoon*; = he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the devil. Prov. — 38) *constant*; = well settled. — 39) *trenchering*, = trenchers.

A C T III.

1) *I forget: etc.* = I prate, and forget my task: yet I'll still think of her; for these sweet thoughts refresh my labours, and I seem less encumbered by my work, feel less fatigue in performing it, when my mistress employs my whole attention. — 2) *Of every creature's best.* = like the *Venus of Apelles*. — 3) *it* = my passion. — 4) *fellow* = companion. — 5) *surprized with all*; = upon whom all gladness is come suddenly. — 6) *standard*. = ensign — *no standard* = not able to stand. — 7) *debosh'd* = debauched. — 8) *troul the catch*, = sing it, pass it glibly off the tongue. — 9) *By'r lakin*. = a diminutive of *lady*. — 10) *forth-rights*, = straight paths. — 11) *A living drollery*; = A puppet-show exhibited by living figures. — 12) *one tree, the phoenix' throne*; = with which the bird is said to die, and revive as that springs again. — 13) *certes*, = certainly. — 14) *muse* = admire. 15) *Praise in departing*. = when

the feast is ended, and you find how you have fared. —
 — 16) *mountaineers*, = inhabitants of the Alps. — 17) *putter out on five for one*, = voyager that advances money at 500 pour cent, to be received upon his return. — 18) *hath to instrument* = employs for the accomplishment of its purposes. — 19) *dowle* = feather, a single particle of my plumage. — 20) *whose wrath to guard you from, etc.* = whose vengeance can only be averted by contrition and amendment. — 21) *mops and mowes*, = wry mouths and antic gestures. — 22) *good life*, = great liveliness. — 23) *strange*, = exquisite. — 24) *bass* = sound in a deep tone, proclaim loudly. — 25) *ecstasy* = delirium, alienation of mind.

A C T IV.

1) *a thread* = a fibre. — 2) *strangely* = incomparably. — 3) *the rabble*, = crew of inferior spirits. — 4) *anity* — gaudy display. 5) *thatch'd with stover*, = covered with grass. — 6) *lass-lorn* = forsaken. — 7) *pole-clipt* = twined round poles — 8) *bosky* = woody. — 9) *estate* = confer, bestow. — 10) *dusky Dis* = grim Pluto. — 11) *foison plenty* = plenty in the extreme. — 12) *Harmonious charmingly*: = Charmingly harmonious. — 13) *a wonder'd father*, = and admirable a father. — 14) *crisp* = curling. — 15) *avoid* = depart. — 16) *rack* = a drift of clouds, broken by the wind. — 17) *I am vex'd*; = at the recent instance of *Caliban's* ingratitude. — 18) *to meet with* = counteract. — 19) *For stale* = an allurement, bait. — 20) *Jack* = Jack o' lanthorn, which leads travellers astray. — 21) *frippery*: = an old cloaths shop. — 22) *Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, etc.* = fevers, contracted in hot climates, frequently deprive men of their hair — pun between *line* and *girdle*. — 23) *lime* = birdlime. — 24) *bar-nacles*, = Solan geese, said to be produced from trees.

A C T V.

1) *Goes upright* = smoothly on, without faltering under his burthen. — 2) *weather-fends* = screens, shelters from inclement weather. — 3) *touch*, = sensation. — 4) *Passion* = Am actuated by passions. — 5) *solemn curfew*;

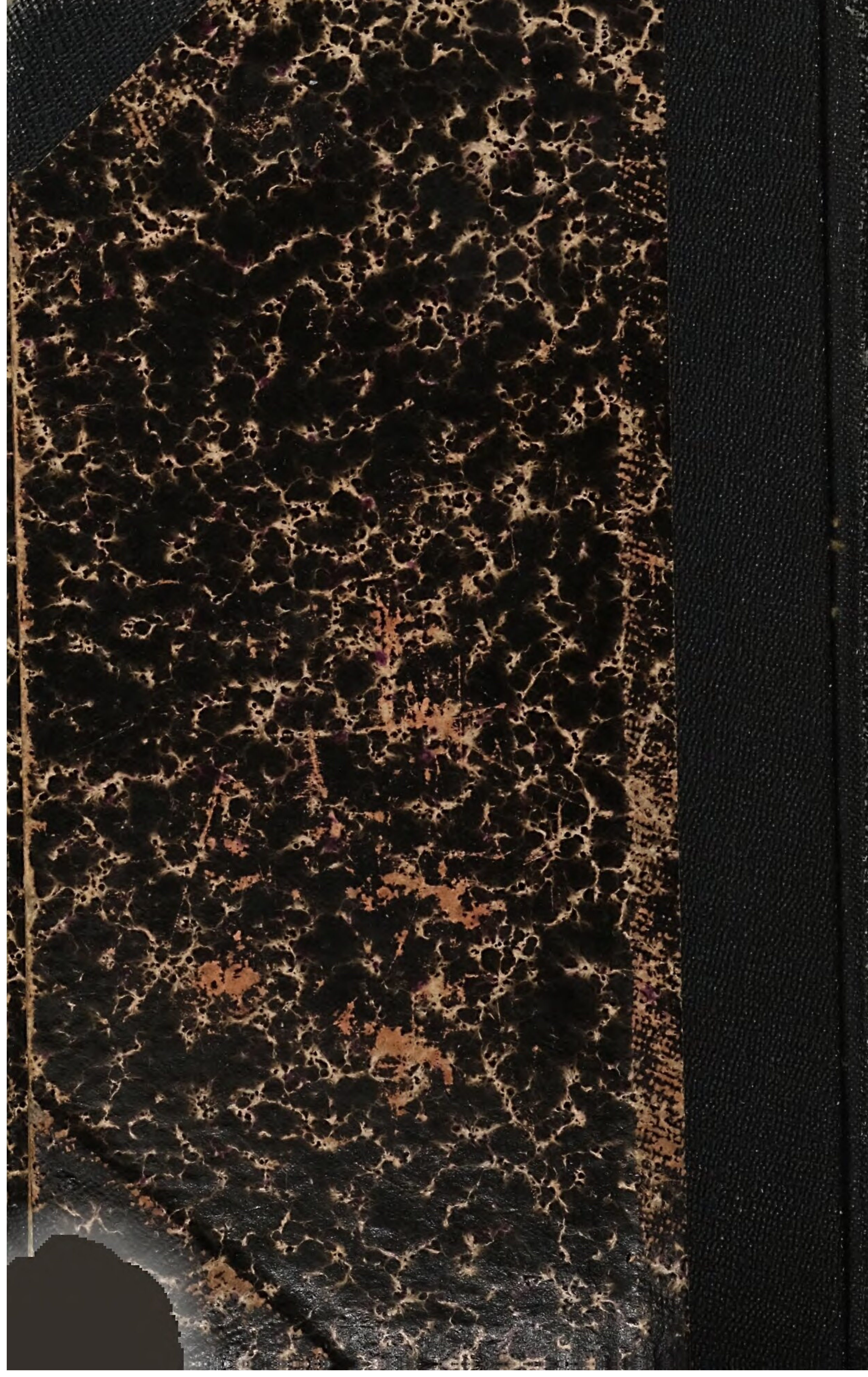
= the bell which proclaimed the close of the day, at whose sound they were permitted to be at large till the first clock. — 6) *Weak masters though ye be* = They are powerful auxiliaries, but weak, if left to themselves, their agency being then confined to such trifling performances as are just recounted. — 7) *mantle* = disguise. — 8) *remorse* = pity. — 9) *this must crave etc.* = if this be real, it must require a most extraordinary solution. — 10) *Thy dukedom I resign;* = My claim of sovereignty over it. — 11) *woe* = sorry. — 12) *as late* = and which happened as lately as yours. — 13) *they devour* = their amazement hath swallowed up their reason. — 14) *for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle, etc.* = if every stake was a kingdom, would allow you to do it, and, after a little wrangle, admit your play was fair. — 15) *his own* = in his proper senses. — 16) *yare* = fit for immediate use. — 17) *tricksy* = adroit, clever. — 18) *conduct* = conductor. — 19) *beating on* = puzzling about. — 20) *single I'll resolve you,* = in private I'll inform you by what means I have accomplished these ends; and then, what may now seem improbable will appear far otherwise. — 21) *badges* = the dresses. — 22) *true:* = honest. — 23) *controul the moon, etc.* = overrule her influence, and without her aid, invert the natural course of those elements, over which she is thought to preside. — 24) *gilded* = intoxicated. — 25) *fly-blowing.* = being preserved in pickle. — 26) *cramp,* = cramped all over. — 27) *sore* = sorry. — 28) *draw near.* = come along with me. — 29) *by you,* = by your censure. — 30) *reliev'd by prayer,* = which was alone deemed capable of relieving *Necromancers*.

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